

ments of praise instead of the sackcloth which robes the spirit of heaviness.

John. xvi: 1-3, shows how He does this comforting work. "Let not your heart be troubled," an injunction not merely an invitation, and why and how? 1. Believe in God and his Fatherhood; 2. Believe in Christ and his Brotherhood; 3. Believe in the Father's house and the reunion beyond. Upon the last thought especially the emphasis was laid. The Father's house is the universe. There are in it many mansions or dwelling places. Earth represents the lower rooms, heaven the upper and higher apartments, specially made ready by the ascending Lord. Death is but the staircase, whereon the departing spirit mounts upward to the blessed rooms above. The veil is between, so that the dear departing spirit is hidden from our eyes, but there is no extinction of being, only an entrance into a truer life.

As the service was held in sight of the Northfield school buildings, the additional thought was suggested that Irene had now entered upon the celestial education, and, in the flash of that glory, knew more than all the philosophers of earth. In that university of God, the training is so complete, and the wealth of learning so ample, that all the knowledge of earth, vanishes away, as stars, however brilliant, fade and disappear at dawn. The child over whose development all had so tenderly watched, had now been ushered into a school where angels and redeemed saints are pupils and God himself is Headmaster. Looked at in this light, her departure suggests only occasions of praise.

Mr. Morgan followed with an exquisite adaption of the narrative of the raising of Jarius's daughter. Death is, in the presence of Christ, no more death, but only sleep. The spirit has departed at His call. Irene had heard His voice saying, "Talitha, Cumi"—"Little darling I say unto thee, arise and come hither," and she had heard and obeyed the call. In the house of Jarius, Christ called the damsel back to earth; in the house of Mr. Moody, the same commanding voice had called this little darling away from earth to Himself.

Suddenly, as the services were closing, Mr. Moody from the balcony, with a broken voice, interrupted the silence, and added his word of witness. He told of the five months' anguish over the beloved child, of the prayers offered on the Pacific slope that, if she were to die, it might be in the Connecticut valley—of the journey home—then in the Adirondacks, and thence back to his house. He referred to the fact that all thru these conferences, this child has been on his heart, so that he kept going to and fro from the auditorium to her bedside, how the whole tone of the meetings had been effected by the solicitude of friends for her welfare. And, amid all this recital of household griefs, Mr. Moody bore witness to the sustaining grace of Him whose promise is: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

In the midst of Irene's illness, a stranger

had approached Mr. Moody on his way to her bedside, and quoted Dr. Andrew Bonar's remark, that Jacob had said to his children in despair, "Joseph is not," but we have only to turn over the leaf and read a little farther on how that same Joseph told his brethren to go back to his father and show him all his glory as they had seen it in the land of Egypt.

At 11:30 the audience took a last look at the little body of Irene, and departed. At 5 P. M., the family laid the precious dust in the burial ground at Northfield cemetery. This part of the service was likewise exceptionally beautiful. There was no hearse, the hands of the dear Mt. Hermon boys, Irene's own favorites, bore the bier thru the streets. At the grave, quantities of golden rod lined the excavation in the earth and covered the soil that was heaped up beside it, so that there was nothing visible but one mass of flowering gold. Here there were only prayer and song and benediction, and all attuned to the one note, "victory." It was a burial such as become Christian believers, living out their faith in the very crisis of agony and loss.

"Behind the darkest cloud of grief
The sun is shining,
And so I turn my clouds about,
And wear my sorrows inside out,
To show the lining."

Contrast such a funeral service with the hopeless blank of agnosticism at the cremation of Ingersoll's body. What a reproach to our holy faith, when even disciples rear above their dead and broken column, the closed fire urn, the flower with severed stem, all symbols of disaster, defeat, disappointment. Are we believers? If so let our faith rise superior to our griefs, and let hope sing even over the grave. A friend in Scotland was burying his sainted dead on a day of deep gloom, when the heavens were overcast with dark clouds. Just as the body was lowered into the grave, there was a sudden rift in the clouds, and the sun shone straight into the grave pit. And, at that moment, a lark from the meadow, poured forth its song, rising in the very track of the sunbeam.

Those of us who were at Northfield on that Wednesday, seemed to hear faith's song; there was a gloom of deep affliction, and the household skies were darkly overcast. But God's Sun of promise shone out into the very grave, and faith like the lark rose and in the sunbeam sang, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, thru our Lord Jesus Christ."

Communion Notice

Communion service at Louisville, Ohio,
June 17, 7:00.

Whatever good there is in us, or is done by us, at any time, it must be ascribed to the grace of God. If the heart bend at one time the right way, it is because he has touched it. One touch is enough when it is divine.—Henry.

Our Cream Pitcher

Joseph Pullman

John Wesley was a knowing and plain-spoken man. To a young minister who was so diligent in saving souls that he could find no time for reading he wrote: "Hence your talent in preaching does not increase; it is just the same as it was seven years ago. It is lively, but not deep. There is little variety. There is no compass of thought." There are some of us even today, despite our schools and examinations, to whom our venerated founder (as the fathers called him) might address the same words. Wesley told the young man that the trouble was he did not read. Reading only, he said, can supply depth, variety, and compass of thought. "You can never be a deep preacher without reading, any more than a thorough Christian."

Religious Telescope

Christian experience is one thing; the experience of Christianity is another. Only a true Christian can comprehend and appreciate the experience of a Christian, for it is 'spiritually discerned'. But any candid mind can understand and interpret the experience of Christianity,—its tendencies and its effects upon the world,—and be thereby convinced of its divinity.

Bishop Huntington

Beholding is transfiguring. The vision works back from the organs of vision to the springs of life. By the Christ whom he looks at lovingly, the believer, little by little, comes to be Christ like, 'Changed into the same image.' New dispositions which are sweet taking the place of old ones which are bitter, clearer trains of thought, less self-indulgent habits, less self-seeking plans, a less irritable temper, more magnanimity, more courage—these are brightening brightness. Our attachments, admirations, sympathies, are all the time fashioning and refashioning us, making us over from what we have been to what we are to be.

New York Observer

A good watchword for the Christian would be: See in order to serve. See man as God sees him, his sin, his need, his peril. Passion for service is born only in sight of the cross. Missionaries and martyrs get their inspiration from Him whose sacrifice reveals and measures the world's need. Luthers catch their zeal from Him. Wesley, Whitefield, Spurgeon, Moody had visions of Calvary before they could proclaim the power of God's redeeming love. They who have been with Christ on the mount are they who can cast out evil spirits at the foot of the mount.

Christian Advocate

If Christians would let the word of Christ dwell in them richly, they would not be cold. It would kindle their emotions, their desires, their affections. They would find it more difficult to hold their peace than to speak. When our Lord opened the Scriptures to the two desponding disciples on the way to Emmaus, their heart burned within them. Every Christian should be "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

George E. Winkler

Thy face, Lord, will I seek.—Psalm 27: 8.

Long have I strayed in grief and desolation,
Far from the land where my Redeemer reigns;
Lord, I return in deep humiliation,
Seeking the pardon that Thy Word proclaims.

Take from me, Lord, this stony heart of sorrow;
Make plain the path before my halting feet;
May faith's clear eye discern a bright to-morrow,
When saints shall gather at Thy mercy seat.

EXPLANATION

For a reason which we are unable to explain the communications from Brethren Lyon and Gillin are badly mixed. The latter half of the two articles exchange places.